

143. 11.
A
SERMON
F
THANKSGIVING
FOR THE
HAPPY SUCCESS
OF
HIS MAJESTIES ARMS

Against the
REBELS,
in July 1685.

Preached in the County of *Kilkenny* the 23^d.
of *August*. 1685.

Printed for *William Weston* Bookseller, formerly
in *Christchurch-lane*, now in *High-street*,
Dublin. 1681.

173
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HIS MAJESTIES ARMS

Against the

REBELS

in July 1885

Preached in the County of Kilkenny the 24th
of August 1885.



Printed for William Weston Bookbinder, formerly
in Christchurch-lane, now in High-street,
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To His Excellency Richard Earl of Tyrconnell,
Lord Viscount of Baltinglass, Baron of Tal-
botstown, Lord Deputy and General Gover-
nour of His Majesties Kingdom of Ireland,
and of His most Honourable Privy Coun-
cil of England &c.

May it please your Excellency,

THis short Discourse had appeared long ago
grac'd with your Name, had it not met from
the Press that Fate, that attended your Ex-
cellency in your Port, the check of contrary Winds;
yet is it reconcil'd to the Authors of a delay, that pur-
chas'd it Excellency, and lent it time to evince,
that as Royal Favours are arguments as well of the
Receivers Worth, as of the Givers Bounty, so Your
Excellencies Services prov'd so eminent, that they
seized His Majesties Attention at the first steps of
his Government: Happy Loyalty, that through rank
Storms, hidden Banks, and frequent Menaces of the
Mobile, steer'd with the Duke till he arrived at the
Crown, where viewing in Your Excellency the Copy
of

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of his own Soul, a Spirit of that capacity that ignor'd
nothing but the face of Fear, his Valour could not but
mind your Courage, his Judgment would not pass by
your Conduct, his Gratitude could not forget your Fide-
lity, but represented your Deserts to the world in that
figure, that of Benjamin of your Brethren mounted
you to be the greatest of your Family, Your Excel-
lency being to only your Merits indebted for your Great-
ness, when they owe their Happiness to the Worth
of your Ancestors. A weak Discourse of His Ma-
jesty can't be stil'd bold in begging to its assistance
the Favour of such a Kingman, who by viewing the
Name it carries in the frontispiece, will protect it
gainst the Censures due to its imperfections, and pur-
chase it a pious opinion in favour of the good meaning
and better wishes of

YOUR EXCELLENCIES

most obedient Servant, and

ever praying Chaplain

E. M.



(1)

A
SERMON
O F
THANKSGIVING
FOR THE

Happy Success of His Majesties Arms against
the Rebels, in July 1685.

Beata Terra, cujus Rex Nobilis est.

Blessed is the Land, whose King is Noble. Eccles. 10. 17.

T Riumph *England*, cry Victory *Scotland*, Rejoice
Ireland, Tremble Enemies of *Great Britain*, Sub-
mit perfidious Traitors: the Great God has at
last crown'd our Wishes with Success; has changed our
Sacrifices from precarious to gratulatory, has made our
humble Intreaties Thanksgiving: Thanks, that deserve
now more chearful Remonstrances than the former, at the
rate that the Cure of a Distemper purchases more joyful
Acknowledgments, than its Discovery. In 83. did we
pour out to God our unfeigned Thanks for the Discovery
B of

(2)

of a Malady, which with undoubted symptoms of Poison ran hidden thorough the veins of the most execrable Murtherers, and in two years progress acquir'd stock to corrupt so many of the noble parts, that it fistula'd outwards, and begot a monster of overt Rebellion, till the Herculean Arm of Noble King *James* chopt off the Heads of the factious *Hydra*, and restor'd the Body to its health of union.

Triumph then *England* in the overthrow of thy Brethren, who (not legitimate, but spurious) design'd to poison your Father, who Physician-like has purg'd your Body of the corrupt Humours, has rid your Fears of the related symptoms of the foregoing Usurpation, has secur'd your Lives, settled your Estates, entail'd your Properties, and by the first steps of his Government ensur'd the benefits of Golden Peace and sweet Tranquility to the ensuing years of his Reign. Cry Victory *Scotland*, who by your dutiful Reception, and loyal adhering to your Prince in the highest of his Storms, and by your forwardness in the present Transactions has cut the first head of the *Hidra*, and prov'd Fidelity unparallel'd in your past Centuries, having in these emergencies display'd that Zeal and Loyalty, which is able to obliterate and raze out of all Records the memory of your former Impeachments. Rejoice *Ireland*, happy in being not only exempted from the Contagion, but also ready at a beck for the incision of the other parts infected. Triumph all three Kingdoms, fortunate in being rul'd by a King, whose Nobility is the source of all your Blessings: of it will the ensuing Discourse enlarge; weak, if not seconded by the Divine Spirits assistance, which we may purchase, if we oblige her who heard from the Angel, *Hail Mary*.

Blessed

Blessed is the Land, whose King is Noble.
Eccles. 10. 17.

Divers are the methods of purchasing Nobility: it descends from the Merits of well qualified Ancestors, as the Spring runs pure thorough the sandy bowels of the Earth: it's acquir'd by eminent talents of Wit, by honorable Preferments of State, by Heroick exploits in War, and all other measures, that mount a mans Worth beyond the common Capacities. But the chief method I find of purchasing a King Nobility is the Observation of the Divine Laws: the Majesty of the Principality shines better in the Obedience to God, than in the Jurisdiction over Subjects. When anciently the Kings of *Israel* were anointed, the Crown was laid on their Head, the Scepter in one hand, and in the other a Book, wherein was the Law of God written, to instruct Princes that of the Observance of this Law depends the posing of that Crown. Great proof did our Redeemer afford us of this truth; they offer'd him in the Desert the Title of King, and he refused it *sugit in montem*, *Joan. 6.* they offer'd it him afterwards on the Cross, and he accepted it, *Jesus Nazarenus Rex:* an odd doubt: if Christ did accept the Title of King on the Cross, why did he refuse it in the Desert: and denying in it the Desert, why does he admit it on the Cross? If in both occasions Christ was the same Person, why does he fly from a Kingdom, when bawled with it by the multitudes that followed him, and why does he embrace it, when granted by *Pilate* that condemns him? Divers Opinions I find: the most plain and grounded in Divinity is, that Christ came to the World by a Precept of his Father to dye and

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redeem us, which he had not fulfill'd when in the Desert, till he was on the Cross. There then does he accept the Crown, where he executes his Fathers Precept, as if that Stile and Dignity were unbeseeming him till he had practis'd the Obedience due to his Injunction, *Jesus Nazarenus Rex.*

Thus did our Saviour instruct Princes how they should reign, and inform'd them that the Nobility and Renown of Kings does not consist so much in being by the Subjects well obeyed, as in being to God very obedient: Of this maxim depends the Settlement of Crowns, and the Preservation of Monarchies. The Prince that observes what God intimates, that holds in one hand the Scepter of the Kingdom towards Authority, and in the other the Book of the Law towards its Observance, will be a true Prince, a great Monarch: He that, satisfied with the Scepter, takes no heed of the Book, will be King in the Title, but will not glitter with the Splendor of King. A King is a rational Sun; therefore did Christ in his Birth stile himself Sun, *orietur vobis sol, Mala. 4.* but at such a rate Sun, that therein the Grandeur of the Majesty borrows its Brightness from the Observance of the Law: A just Prince is a bright Sun; a Prince little observant is a clouded Sun, in whom the Breaches of the Law can't cling with the Lights of the Person: hear the proof in a common, but well canvass'd Text.

Twice did *Moses* Prince of the *Hebrews* climb the eminence of Mount *Sinai*, and both times did he converse with God as with an intimate acquaintance: at his descending the second time such were the Beams of Light he darted from his Face, that *St. Paul* says, *Ut non possent intendere filii Israel propter Gloriam vultus ejus, 2 Cor. 3.* that they could not behold his Countenance: we don't read

read that the Israelites in the first occasion did see this Splendor in the Face of *Moses*; where the difficulty arises: For if the Rayes, that *Moses* darted, sprung from his close Discourse with God in the Mount à *confortio sermonis Domini*, what reason can there be, that the second time he was in Gods Company and Discourse, he appear'd so shining, but the first time nothing glittering? In three words does the Scripture solve the difficulty, *confregit tabulas legis, Exod. 32.* in the first occasion *Moses* at the foot of the Mountain broke the Tables of the Law, the second time he brought them intire; and it was the same in *Moses* to break the Tables as to eclipse his Lights, it was the same to leave the Law shatter'd, as to appear with his person clouded; therefore did the Sons of *Israel* view him the first time short of brightness, beholding him the second environ'd with splendors: a wonderful example! that it was enough for God to see in *Moses* but the material breach of the Law, and that too done for the Zeal of his Honour, to strip him the same instant of the Rays wherewith he had deck'd him in the Mount: *How can it agree then, says S. Bernard, that the Crown be very glittering, where there is commonly so much breach of the Law of God? how can Princes illuminate like Suns, if they darken with their vices their splendors? how can they be masters of Light, when by their sins they become slaves of shadows, peccati servus quomodo fiet lucis moderator?*

God has plac'd Princes on earth to be Images of his Power, and Representation of his Sovereignty; whence *Hermes Trismegistus* came to stile them *the last of the Gods, but the first of Men*: for they ought to exceed men in vertue, and become neighbours of the Angels in purity, which essentially depends of taking their measures by the Law of God; and not only by the divine, but even by the human Laws: tho Princes be beyond the human Statutes they enact, or
were

were establisht by their Ancestors, tho' dispens'd in their observance by their Prerogative; yet if the Prince be not the first that observes what he commands, the very Law that should forward Preservation, will be instrumental to Ruine; for his example will invite the Subjects to the same vice: all the Lambs of *Jacob* dropp'd spotted, because the Rods were spotted, *Gen. 30.* that the Rods be the Scepters, whereon all do fix their eyes, is plain in several Texts of Scripture: how then can the observance of the Law be seen pure in the Subjects, if spotted in the Scepters? how can the Laws choose but be Poison, which if observ'd by the Legislator would prove Triacle?

An Angel commanded *Joseph* to fly with the Infant God to *Egypt*, when *Herod* with barbarous cruelty was to butcher the Innocent of *Bethlem*. *S. Peter Crisologus* with his usual acuteness inquires *Qui mori viderat quare fugit mortem?* Serm. 50. *If Christ came to the world to dye, why does he fly to Egypt to escape death?* He answers his own question, *Quia totam causam nostrae salutis occideret si se parvulum permisisset occidi;* Christ fled to Egypt from death; for he would destroy all the concern of our eternal welfare, if he did permit his murder in that tender age: difficult Doctrine; that our Redemption should be at a loss, if God did suffer in his infant years? What? would not the Blood he then should spill in *Bethlem*, carry the same infinite value it afterwards had, when he pour'd it on the Cross? It's Faith: how do you aver then, acute *Crisologus*, equally learned and holy, that if Christ were then murder'd, our Salvation would be strangled too? *Totam causam nostrae salutis occideret:* this is a doubt, whose solution I'd rather hearken than give; let us see if I can hit on one of some novelty towards the present Subject.

Our Salvation, according to the present course of Providence

depends of three things: it depended of the death of Christ, it depended of the Institution of the Law of Grace, and it depended of this Law being observed after instituted. Our Redeemer could institute the Law, and suffer in his young years, but he could not observe the Law he instituted; he could dye infant, and leave us the Precepts we now observe, to save us; but by dying then he could not observe, as he did afterwards punctually, those same Precepts he deliver'd; and as it is impossible the Subjects regard the Law, which they see trod by the Prince, *Crisologus* understood that Christ would in that age destroy our welfare by his untimely death, if he left us the Law without leaving us his Example: so that it was convenient that the Law of Christ should be by him observ'd to be by us obey'd; otherwise it would purchase more inconveniencies than cures; so necessary is the Example of Princes for the observance of the Laws; *Fortissimam Legem esse puta Principum vitam*, says *Socrates*, that the Law is strong towards the Subjects at the rate that the Life of the Monarch is exemplary. Hence did the great Monarch of France, *Charlemain*, take occasion to carry in the pummel of his Sword the Signet that sealed his Decrees, averring that Kings should establish the Laws with their Works, and defend them with the Sword, without which the Law will be render'd Destruction, and the Medicine Poison. The Prince must be Law without voice, that the Law may be Prince with expression; otherwise the Law will be mute, and the publick will groan. Princes don't forfeit their Prerogative by living subject to their Statutes; that is the way to improve their Grandeur: Power should take its measures by Rectitude: when the Prince's action surpasses the terms of decency, it arrives to the excess of tyranny. When the Monarch observes the Laws, none can plead Privilege, or warrant Complaint: for in him
 does

does the innocent find Protection ; the deserving Reward ; the Guilty, Punishment ; Injuries, Revenge ; Vertues, Defence ; Calamity Medicine, and the Kingdoms Secutity.

Hence it is a necessary inference that nothing so suits the State of Princes, as the observance of the Laws, it being the only method to render them Noble at home and abroad ; at home by the Love it purchases them from their Natives, abroad by the Terror it strikes into Strangers. The wise King *Agefilaus* being demanded which of the two was more renown'd in a Prince, to be *stout*, or to be *just*, he answer'd that *Justice* was so far a Royal Vertue beyond *Fortitude*, that this was useless, when the other commanded :

more Provinces were purchas'd by some *Roman Antoninus*, Emperors for the opinion of their Rectitude, than of their Power ; their Justice reach'd further than their Launces, their Equity did fly

beyond their Eagles.

Of this Rectitude in the Sovereign Rulers will insue the Reformation of Subjects: the one is necessary sequel to the other : no other Law is needful for correcting our actions, than the good President of our Commanders ; all do hold for Rule what they practice: the Example of Princes is Law with Soul, that moves without violence, and obliges with Suavity. It appears more easie to *Cassiodorus* that all Nature should err, than that the Subjects be naught when the Princes are reform'd. What great Prophets could not purchase by their Threatnings, nor eminent Preachers by their Exhortations, a Prince can compass by his Example. More impression made the Pennance of their King in the *Ninivites*, than the Preaching of *Jonas*, *Jon. 3*. All the Apostles were not able to convert the *Roman Empire* with their divine Zeal and prodigious Works, and one Prince's Example with few words reduc'd them. The ill actions

Constantine.

actions of Kings are more persuasive than their good examples: The Sanctity of *Moses* was not able to hedge in his people from Idolatry, and the Apostacy of *Jeroboam* sufficed to destroy in his Subjects all true Worship. *Nero's* unheard Debauches were so powerful for imitation, that *Rome* more seemed a Tavern, than Head City of the Universe. The Lust of *Heliogabalus* so entic'd, that even the severe Philosophers were inquired with filthy pleasures. Cruelty, in the time that *Commodus* play'd the Gladiator, so sway'd mens inclinations, that the very Women in Gladiator attire and impudence trod the Lists;

Scilicet in vulgus manant exempla regentum, says Claudian,
Utque Ducum lituos, sic mores Castra sequuntur;

The Actions of the Rulers are silent Panegyrieks to the vulgar; their Manners are as punctually followed as their Trumpets:

So that they sin not only by the transgression, but by the example: *Principes*, says *Plato*, *longe magis exemplo quam culpa peccant*: when the inferiour fails in his duty, he annoys only his own House, but the Prince his whole Monarchy: if the poison be confin'd to a bottle, it may kill one or two; but pour'd in the fountain, where all do drink, it will destroy all. There is no imagining they can sin privately and without scandal; for the World could never yet shew the greatness of Power confin'd to the clauses of silence.

Blessed then is the Land, whose King, besides his other Titles of Nobility, is noble by holding in one hand the Book of the Law, who performs the Statutes of divine and human Institution, who by his godly example is Law without Precept, and Exhortation without Speech to his Sub-

jects, to conform themselves to their Head: and who by avoiding occasions of Scandal, gives no encouragement to Vices, whose Practice does obstruct, in Monarchies the flourishing in Vertues, and prospering in Felicity. *Beata terra Augusti Rex nobilis est*

Blessed then are the Lands of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, who are happy in a King noble in all the foregoing qualities. First, descended of noble Parentage (or the Son of Nobles, as the *English* Version translates my Text) sprung from the never discontinued Line of one hundred and ten Scepters, by a Prerogative, that no Crown of the Universe can brag of. Secondly, Noble by his eminent Talents of Wit, native and acquired. Thirdly, by his Heroick Exploits in War, recounted by Trumpets almost in the Cradle, and an emulation of *Mars* in his ensuing years: witness the *Dunkirk* Shoar, and the *Battavian* Coast, cou'd so often with rebellious Blood, not more constant to their first Supporters, and Confederates, than to their natural Masters, whom they first disown'd: Witness the Testimony of the greatest General in *Europe*, * who near his decease advis'd his Master to purchase him at any rate, as the fittest in the World for the chief Command in *England* under such a Chieftain you can never be foil'd, who no more spar'd his own Blood than the meanest Subject, who in all your Quarrels and Rancounters was Head and Hand, Manager and Performer: who in this last occasion, not finding (*Alexander* like) Kings to fight with, slighted the Ignobility of the Enemy, and like *Cæsar* at *Alexia* from his Tent, or like the *Intelligence* from his *primum Mobile*, ruled the motion of the inferiour orbs, without appearing concern'd for so home-bred, and thereby more dangerous Enemies. Under his Banners could you trample the habitable World, by the Verdict of the *Gre-*

clan General, who prefer'd an Army of Deer headed by a Lyon, to an Army of Lions managed by a Deer.

But chiefly is our King Noble in observing the Divine Law, which he enamell'd in his Crown, as its brightest Carbuncle: sooner was the Book of the Law in his hand than the Scepter, and the Crown guarded his temples but after the open profession of the Divine Institution; an action of Valour, that, by the acknowledgment of the great *Hector* of *Europe*, the *French* King, surpass'd all his Glories perch'd in the Colours of so many thousands, as made *Holland* in one season breath almost its last, that left *Flanders* dismember'd, *Alsace* maim'd, *Germany* shifting, *Piemont* bridled, *Sicily* burnt, *Catalonia* trembling, *Burgundy* discomfited, and *Genova* bomb'd; He thought the Ornaments of his Realm unbecoming him before he had declar'd his Principles to the World, and fulfill'd the Precept of his Saviour by owning him before the Universe, and thereby merit the Diadem, as his Master did, not by the Acclamations of the Desert, but by the Compliances on the Cross, *I. N. R.* thereby a just Prince, a bright Sun, not eclipsed with the Clouds of Error, not darken'd with the menaces of the *Mobile*, not scant of Beams for breaking the Tables, but illustrious with Rays for their Restauration. I find few actions of Martyrs or Confessors to sute his Sufferings, his Pilgrimages, his Wandrings by Sea and Land to uphold that Divine Law, against which so many Contrivances were combin'd to the aparent risque of his forfeiting three Crowns; happy was that Flight for us, for had he permitted himself in his minority of Duke to the cruelty of his Herodians, he had murther'd all the concerns of Welfare we enjoy by his Station of King, *totam causam nostræ salutis occideret, si se parvulum permisisset occidi*; Whence he is on earth prov'd the Image of Gods Power, and Represen-

ration of his Sovereignty, related thereby to the Beiry, and beyond the common sphere of mortals, neighbouring to Angelical purity in the observance of the Divine Law; and not only of that, but also of the exemplary Laws, which was the second part of my Discourse.

For let *James Duke of York* be what he then pleas'd, *James II.* King has order'd a reformed Court, a holy Court, such as follow'd by the inferiors, will produce one not to be parallel'd. He began with the Example; not satisfied to have interdicted himself that acquaintance, which in a private man was less scandalous, in a King of pernicious sequels, he banish'd the occasion many miles from Court, to prove the most perfect of Princes, in whom not only the sin, but the hazard or appearance of sin is noted: by him were all other Debauches, Oaths, Blasphemies, Execrations, Duels, as well forbidden by Precept, as countermanded by Example. By him were these examples of Piety, and Humiliation in the Passion time performed, that in his continu'd hours of Prayers on his knees, and ardent affection in other Devotions he was both check and envy of the austere Claustrals: wherein he disprov'd the ancient proverb of Piety having no relation to Arms; rather that Victory perches it self on Godliness, and Triumphs do wait on Sanctimony, as now it happen'd.

Rebels then, what were you for? If for a Prince, behold one the most exact, shap'd to the divine and human Laws: behold one whose right it is by innumerable degrees of Succession; behold one, who, setting aside his undeniable Title, merits the Throne beyond all others, by his Wisdom, Conduct, Valour, and Piety; behold one, that is the most mindful Rewarder of Merits, the most grateful Master to Servants, the greatest admirer of his Friends, none being Trustee to *James Duke of York*, but

is Favourite to King *James*; and as they were pickt by choice, not found by chance, none were the Dukes Friends but those that were the fittest Capacities for the Kings Favours: behold a Prince, whose elapsed months of Reizn, the Elements have attended tributary, the Winter intermitted its rigour, the Spring advanc'd its Blossom, the Summer forwarded its maturity, the Harvest ran beyond the expectation of the covetous Tiller, the Sun appeared with a more splendid retinue of Beams, the Air is all along beautified with unusual Serenity, the Sea contributed plentifully its provision, whereof it was these past years avaritious, the Earth got up early in its dress of Flowers, the Fire descended from its remote region to shew its joyful activity on the *Thames*; nothing is amiss but the loss of Trade and want of Commerce, and that occasion'd by your rebellious Tumults.

But Rebels, Ambition is preposterous, and knows not to be confin'd in the mears of Duty: your Plenty puffed you, your Satisfaction displeased you, your Rest disagreed with you, nothing suted you but vicissitude, where from your Plenty, Satisfaction, and Rest, you are roll'd to the calamities of Infamy and Despair. In lieu of a Monarch copied according divine and human Draughts, who studied your ease, settled your disquiets, and intail'd your future security, who does afford you the fatness of the Olive, lighting in the presence of God, and savouring the relish of man; Who gluts you with the sweetness of the Figg and its delicate fruits; who banquets you with the delights of the Vine, that exhilarates God and man, *Jud* 9. you were inthronizing the Bramble (the Thistle rather) a barren and unfruitful tree in it self, but rough and thorny for others, that has no juice of its own, nor does fatten with the substance of the rest, a Bush that treacherously coverous-gripes
what

what comes near it, and tears all it catches; from whose Thorns could insue but Flames to the Combustion of three Kingdoms, to the Invasion of every ones Property, to the polluting of Gods Houses, to the defiling of your Beds, force of your Daughters, and captivity of your Liberties.

You are come, Rebels, immortal Thanks to the Almighty, you are come to the condign punishment of your Apostacy: your Heads from the Pulpit of the Scaffold do preach to the rest of your Brethren yet masqueraded, that they correct their Wishes, undeceive their Folly, study new lessons of Duty, and joyn with us to congratulate your Noble Majesty, O greatest Monarch that ever yet sway'd the *Brittish* Scepter, to wish you Joy of your Trophies, to acknowledge you the compleatest King on Earth, *Rex magnus super omnem terram*. Ps. 46. to sing you Praises and Elogies *psallite Regi nostro psallite*, to cry you aloud *Rex virtutum dilecti, dilecti & speciei domus dividere spolia*, Ps. 67. that you are King of Vertues; and that the Triumphs, the Spoils got of your Rebels, you shared to the Beauty of your House, your incomparable Queen, *Speciei Domus*, the Paragon of Vertue, the mirror of Piety, and unparallel'd Companion of conjugal sufferings. Daughters of Sion, rejoice in your King, Ps. 149. who has beat down the Insolencies of the most loose Libertines, who has preserv'd the Liberty of your Councils, the Splendor of your Nobility, the Immunities of your Gentlemen, and the Commerce of your Commons; who has stop'd Flames from your Edifices, Sacriledges from your Temples, Plunders from your Altars, Ruine from your Walls, Sieges from your Ports, Famine from your Families, Tyranny from your Judicatures, Violence from your Women, Sword from your Men, Calamity from all, and Destruction from the

(15)

the whole Weale: Our Thanks, O eternally Merciful,
are shallow, our Acknowledgments are small, it's little e-
nough that the Angels and Archangels, Thrones and Domi-
nations, Vertues and Powers, Cherubims and Seraphims
do tune with us in Notes of Thanksgiving for the pre-
sent Mercies a *Te Deum laudamus.*

F I N I S.
